

The most lamentable Tragedie

Goe packe with him, and giue the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all,
And how by this their child shall be aduunst,
And be receiued for the Emperours heyre,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calme this tempest whirling in the Court,
And let the Emperour dandle him for his owne.
Harke yee Lords, you see I haue giuen her phisick,
And you must needes bestow her funerall,
The fieldes are neere, and you are gallant Groomies:
This done, see that you take no longer dayes
But send the Midwife presently to me.
The Midwife and the Nurse well made away.
Then let the Ladies tattle what they please.

Chiron. Aron, I see thou wilt not trust the ayre with secrets.

Deme. For this care of Tamora,

Her selfe, and hers are highly bound to thee. *Exeunt.*

*Aron. Now to the Gothes, as swift as swallow flies,
There to dispose this treasure in mine armes,
And secretly to greet the Empreſse friendes:
Come on you thick-lipt-flaue, Ile beare you hence,
For it is you that puts vs to our shifts:
Ile make you feede on berries, and on rootes,
And feede on curds and whay, and sucke the Goate,
And cabbin in a Caue, and bring you vp,
To be a warriour and commaund a Campe. Exit.*

Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius, and other gentlemen with bowes, and Titus beares the arrowes with Letters on the endes of them.

*Titus. Come Marcus, come, kinsmen this is the way,
Sir boy let me see your archerie,
Looke yee draw home enough and tis there straight,*

Terris

of Titus Andronicus

Terras Astrea reliquit, be you re
Shee's gone, shees fled, sirs take
You Cofens shall goe found the
And cast your nets, happily you
Yet ther's as little iustice as at La
No *Publius* and *Sempronius*, you
Tis you must dig with mattocke
And pierce the inmost center of
Then when you come to *Plutoe*
I pray you deliuer him this petiti
Tell him it is for iustice and for a
And that it comes from olde *An*
Shaken with sorrowes in vngrate
Ah Rome, well, well, I made the
What time I threw the peoples f
On him that thus doth tyranniz
Goe get you gone, and pray be o
And leaue you not a man of war
This wicked Emperour may hau
And kinsmen then we may goe
Marcus. O Publius, is not this
To see thy noble Vnkle this dist
Publius. Therefore my Lords i
By day and night t'attend him ca
And feede his humour kindly as
Till time beget some carefull ren

Marcus. Kinsmen, his sorro
Ioyne with the Gothes, and with
Take wreake on Rome for this i
And vengeance on the traytour
Titus. Publius how now, how
VWhat haue you met with her?
Publius. No my good Lord,
If you will haue reuenge from h